

# Good Morning 125

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## A TEASER FOR YOU!

Which of these is

W  
I  
N  
S  
T  
O  
N?  
N?



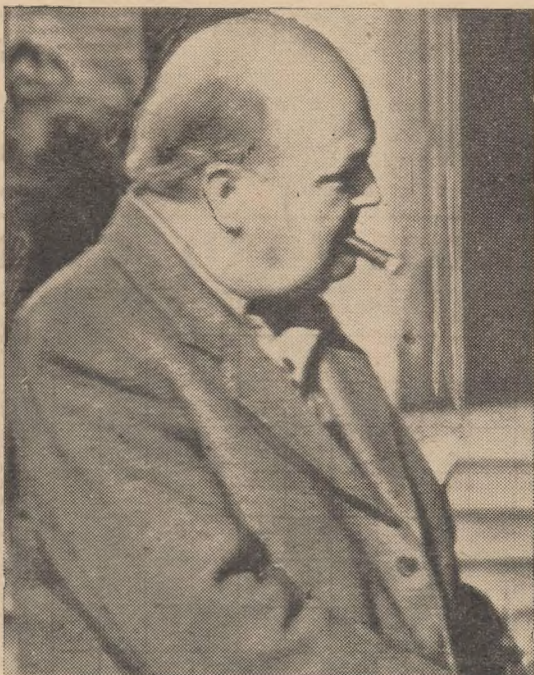
This is Winston Churchill, a well-known American author, who smokes a pipe, and has got very tired of explaining that he never signed the Atlantic Charter.



And this is the pretty little village of Winston, in Suffolk, about as nice a place as you'd find anywhere. So the first answer is—BOTH are Winston.

And which of these is

C  
H  
U  
R  
C  
H  
I  
L?  
L?



No—that's not Churchill. It's Actor Malone, who plays the part of Winston Churchill in the American film, "Mission to Moscow."

And this is Churchill. It's another charming little place—this time in Oxfordshire—and has some connections

with the Churchill family. Now mark yourself up. Both answers right, and you're practically a genius. One out of two, and you're normal. Wrong both times, and it proves that men are descended from apes—and descended a hell of a way, too!

## A.B. Manny Gooding—Your mother wants a word with you

### Thoughts in a Teashop

Just a table in the corner of an ordinary cafe. Yet it asked me if I'd seen you, And I had to turn away.

How could I tell a table all the things we used to do, All the things it seemed to tell ME, All the hours we'd spent, we two.

Holding hands, and having talks. Making plans, and taking walks into realms where Love would guide us. Faith before us, Trust beside us. Sweet serene contentment ours. Pathways sunlit, strewn with flowers.

Do you think I should have told it? Do you think 'twould understand, With what deep respect I hold it,

How I think it's been just grand? Leaning on its snow-white cover, Gazing in your eyes so blue, Pensively, as I discover Hidden thoughts, and loves anew.

No, dear heart, I could not tell it, Wooden-headed table true. But I will say, "Thank God for it," and much more. Thank God for you.

A.M.

"ALL well at home and we hope to see you soon, for two years and four months is a long time to be away—and when is the wedding?" That is the message, A.B. Gooding.

Sorry we cannot send a message from your fiancée—W.A.A.F.s move around so much.

No doubt she will manage to get leave to fit in with yours. Hope so, anyway.

Your mother's well and busy with the garden, though we found her at Oulton Broad spending the day with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Gooding. Your niece Sylvia and her mother both send their love.

Your mother says all sailors are hardy men—well, there's

potatoes to dig, and that's in your line. Or have you forgotten how to use a spade and fork—the Navy can't have left you much time for "land work."

Your brother James is fit and well again, in spite of getting in some tough spots in fighting ships.

You won't find many of your old school and swimming chums about in civvies—according to your mother, they all seem to have joined up "in a lump."

Your sister-in-law at Oulton made this cheery remark:—

"We at home have nothing to grumble about so long as our men keep well, and it's the men at sea who keep jolly old England so well off for everything."

## SPORTING DOGS have a great history

Says  
Martin Thornhill

IN a Briton sport never dies. While in this country, on the Home Secretary's orders, greyhound racing is restricted to Saturdays and public holidays and to existing tracks, soldiers are founding new ones on desert sands, and coursing at all hours that duty permits.

There is an account from North Africa of whippet-keen Libya lads from the North who were thronging a course when the Luftwaffe dropped its bombs. The boys simply donned their tin hats and carried on.

If a breed-proud dog-owner dismisses your whippet as a runt, tell him the "snap" dog's pa has a pedigree that makes him king of canines. For greyhounds are the oldest of all breeds of dogs. The world's oldest civilisations used them. They hunted game for the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians. They made sport for the Romans.

### STILL THE SAME

What is more—while other breeds would not know their forefathers from flamingoes; while centuries of breeding and in-breeding have produced hundreds of new and strange forms and appearances; a whippet retains the shape and character which, as greyhound, was as familiar to the ancients as to you and me.

He shares this distinction with the Afghan hounds that have been used in their native land for centuries to hunt (in pairs) deer, jackal, fox, wild boar, and even leopards. They rank third among the world's fleetest quadrupeds.

The cheetah comes first with a recorded speed of over a mile a minute. I have seen Pathans leading them in leash just as we exercise greyhounds and whippets in England.

When the sport is on, the cheetah is taken from his cage and blindfolded with a hood, as a falcon. Then he sits upright like a dog, with his master's arm round him, waiting for his head to be uncovered.

The moment the hood is raised, off he streaks after the black buck he has sighted. His speed is slightly greater than that of the buck.

Recently, greyhounds were coursed against cheetahs in England. The cheetahs won, but not by overmuch, which is not surprising, since greyhound speeds have been recorded up to 56 m.p.h. over a short course.

For ages hares have been the coursing prey of greyhounds. "Long after he is out of sight you can hear him whiz." That was Mark Twain's comment on the speed of the jack-rabbit; and if that is so of the rabbit, what of the hare itself?

A motor-cyclist was some time ago speeding along a stretch of road when a hare darted out in front of him and made straight up the highway. For half a mile the cyclist trailed the hare, his speedometer showing 45 m.p.h. Half a mile in 40 seconds; but, even so, easy meat for a greyhound!

### TAIL AS RUDDER.

Incidentally, a hound's speed is to a large extent affected by its tail. You may recall the case of the woman who sued a man because the tail of the greyhound he had sold her curled up like a clock spring. The defence was that the tail uncurled when the dog ran.

The court watched a demonstration sprint. The tail remained tightly curled, and the plaintiff was awarded damages.

A greyhound with tail furled is like a destroyer without a rudder. Unfurled, it is manoeuvred to help twists and turns at high speed. In fact, the role of most animals' tails is an important one, whether for steering or balance.

Do you remember the dog-carts used a generation or so ago? They got their name through having a box at the back for a dog. Sometimes it was the household pet, whatever his breed; unless a Dalmatian, when he invariably coursed along underneath.

But usually—almost always in the North—it was a greyhound. His function? To catch the odd hare to take home for dinner.

With or without the cart, the practice became the ordinary man's sport of the day. Later it led to the mechanical hare, first used at a meeting at Welsh Harp, Hendon, in 1876. The "hare" was drawn along by a cord wound round a windlass.

### FIRST DOG TRACK.

In 1890 a patent was taken out for a circular greyhound racing track. It fell through owing to lack of funds to finance the project. Five years later someone introduced the idea into Ireland, but it did not catch on. It did, however, in America in 1923. Three years afterwards the first English track was opened at Belle Vue, Manchester. The mechanical hare had come to stay.

As for homing instincts, what of the greyhound lost by Duke Eugenie de Beauharnais, one of Napoleon's generals, at the Battle of Beresina River? After the campaign the general went to live at Milan, Italy.

Six months later the devoted animal rejoined him there—an incredible journey of 1,500 miles across endless Russian wolf-infested forest, frozen lakes, mountains and steppes!



# Periscope Page

## QUIZ for today

1. What is an oriole?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Good Companions," (b) "The Good Natur'd Man"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder" and why: Colts-foot, Dandelion, Dahlia, Meadow-sweet, Buttercup?
4. Who swore "by the nine gods"?
5. What are Abana and Pharpar?
6. What is a papoose?
7. What is Laputa?
8. What is bitter-sweet?
9. Who was Sir Pitt Crawley?
10. Hydrargyrum is a name for a dog's disease, a many-headed monster, the metal mercury, a garden plant, an instrument for measuring the specific gravity of a liquid?
11. Who was (a) Millet, (b) Millais?
12. What is 1943 in Roman figures?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 124

1. A bumble bee.
2. (a) George Moore, (b) A. P. Herbert.
3. Topaza, a humming-bird; the others are stones.
4. A native of the Orkney Islands.
5. Huntingdonshire.
6. A lie.
7. Needless repetition in different words.
8. Orchid.
9. Deadly nightshade.
10. Hypatia.
11. 1825.
12. A short clay tobacco pipe.

**Solution to Word Ladder Puzzle in No. 124:** HOSE, ROSE, RASE, BASE, BASK, BANK, TANK.

# TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

ROUND the discussion table to-day we have a Member of Parliament (Independent), the Head Master of a Public School, a Sociologist and Mr. Everyman, and the question they are to discuss is:—

**Democracy has been defined as "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." But most people are not at all fit to govern a modern civilised country, and many are so little interested in politics that they do not even trouble to vote. Would not government by experts be better than government by popular vote?**

**Sociologist:** "I think we should all agree that experts are necessary. Not one man in a hundred understands the financial problems involved in running a modern state, and economics to-day is a highly specialised study. We need more experts, and better experts; but I do not believe that they should hold positions of power in the Government. They should be advisers, but not rulers. As Professor Joad puts it, they should be on tap, but not on top."

**Schoolmaster:** "I thoroughly agree. I am also inclined to agree with the statement in the question, that the average man is not only incompetent to govern his own country, but is not really sufficiently interested to acquire a working knowledge of government. When he votes, he almost invariably votes for a man he feels he can trust, and not for any particular measure."

"What he wants is somebody who is more or less expert

in political questions to relieve him of the trouble of thinking things out for himself. Women are even less interested. They like to feel that there is a handsome man, from the right university, at the top. Then they cast their vote and forget all about it."

**M.P.:** "Frankly, I don't believe that is true at all. The average man is certainly not fit to govern the country, but he is as fit as any other to prescribe the goals his Government is to aim at. Not only that, but he is the only person who has an absolute right to prescribe those goals."

"I think he does, on the whole, vote for the candidate he believes is most likely to succeed in getting his country nearer to the prescribed goals. As for the women, none of us who remember the suffragettes, and the enormous following they attracted, can ever believe that women are less interested in the government of their country than men."

**Mr. Everyman:** "The question is really whether or not the government of the country should be conducted entirely by experts. The average man may be interested in politics, and he may vote, but he seldom votes deliberately for an expert. He votes for a man of character, a man of integrity, or a man of outstanding acumen."

"Would not the problem be solved if all candidates for Parliament had to pass an examination showing that they were experts in the subject they made the centre of their appeal to the voters? If, for instance, they hoped to get elected to further some educa-

tional reforms, they would first have to satisfy a board of university examiners that they really had expert knowledge of education."

**Sociologist:** "No, I don't think so. The proposal assumes that an expert knows what ought to be done and how to do it, and the assumption is not justified by the facts. Experts have a habit of disagreeing, and of debating interminably on academical side-issues."

"When they have reached a decision, as often as not they propose to gain their ends by means which would not be

Continued on Page 3.

## JANE



# IS MURDER IN THE AIR?

## Dr. JEKYLL & Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

ROUND the corner from the by-street there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate, and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men: map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers, and the agents of obscure enterprises.

One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and com-

★ ★ ★

fort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fanlight, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" asked the lawyer.

"I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall, paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir, or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender.

This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But to-night there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom of his spirits he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof.

He was ashamed of his relief when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting-room door, Poole," he said. "Is that right,

when Dr. Jekyll is from home?" "Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key."

"Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other musingly.

"Yes, sir, he do indeed," said Poole. "We all have orders to obey him."

"I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson.

"Oh dear no, sir. He never dines here," replied the butler. "Indeed, we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good night, Poole."

"Good night, Utterson." And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago, to be sure, but in the law of God there is no statute of limitations."

"Ah, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace; punishment coming, pede claudo, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault."

And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of

an old iniquity should leap to light there.

His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many that he had come so near to doing, yet avoided. And then, by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope.

"This Master Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are."

"It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a waking! And the danger of it! For if this Hyde suspects the existence of

## WANGLING WORDS—87

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after BL, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of BARE EDEN, to make a Northern city.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BEES into BUZZ, STALE into FRESH, LOSE into KEEP, KETTLE into HOLDER.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WIDDERSHINS?

### Answer to Wangling Words—No. 86

1. ENLIGHTEN.
2. BEACONSFIELD.
3. ROSE, LOSE, LOST, LOOT, SOOT, SPOT, SLOT, PLOT.
- DOCK, LOCK, LICK, RICK, RICE, RIDE, SIDE.
- MAST, CAST, CASE, CAME, DAME, DALE, BALE, BALL, BAIL, SAIL.
- BLACK, SLACK, SLICK, SLICE, SPICE, SPITE, SMITE, SMITH.
4. Gate, Part, Pert, Peat, Rate, Rage, Gear, Pear, Reap, Tape, Gape, Urge, etc.
- Purge, Grate, Prate, Greet, Extra, Taxer, Exeat, Exert, etc.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



This should be an easy one. You can cut out Robert Taylor and Clark Gable for a start. Who—or what—is it—a Baboon, a Chimpanzee, Gorilla, Orang-utan, or Howling Monkey? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 124: Berber Woman of Arzou.

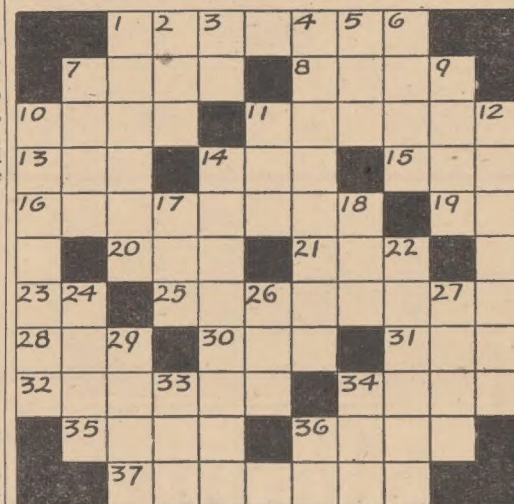
the will he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me."

For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as a transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

(To be continued)

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes  
and Ideas  
to the Editor

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES, ACROSS.

- 1 Stop.
- 7 Cajoles.
- 8 Trading place.
- 10 Ballad.
- 11 Appear.
- 13 Seed-vessel.
- 14 Triumph.
- 15 Showy.
- 16 Repeated.
- 19 Old pronoun.
- 20 Clerical title.
- 21 Cribbage knave.
- 23 Because.
- 25 Set forth in words.
- 28 Horse.
- 30 Recline.
- 31 Rope whip.
- 32 Gripping device.
- 34 Smaller.
- 35 Solicit custom.
- 36 Yawn.
- 37 Gives.

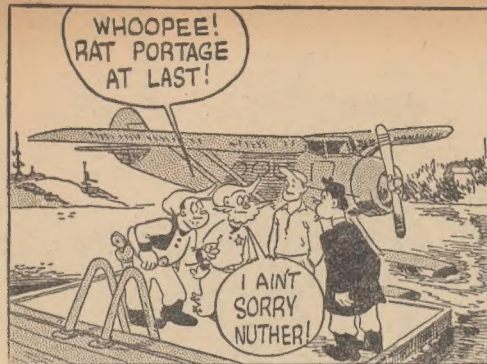
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SALAD FIRST  
PRECIPITATE  
ACATE BEGAN  
RULE P MEND  
RE DORIS CO  
ODD MAR DEN  
W EPITOME S  
TAUTENING  
POLLS STINT  
USES REAR  
THREW TESTY

### CLUES, DOWN.

- 1 Think over.
- 2 Hard stone.
- 3 Former.
- 4 Rising ground.
- 5 Find fault.
- 6 Garden basket.
- 7 Water-bird.
- 9 Salver.
- 10 Green vegetable.
- 11 Becoming.
- 12 Loopholes.
- 14 Rip-ple.
- 17 Colour.
- 18 Beetle.
- 19 Muscle.
- 24 Black fertiliser.
- 26 Man's title.
- 27 Ignoble.
- 29 Drop of liquid.
- 33 Adequate.
- 34 Rule.
- 36 Travel.

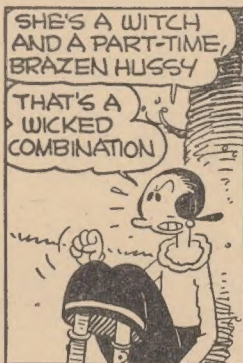
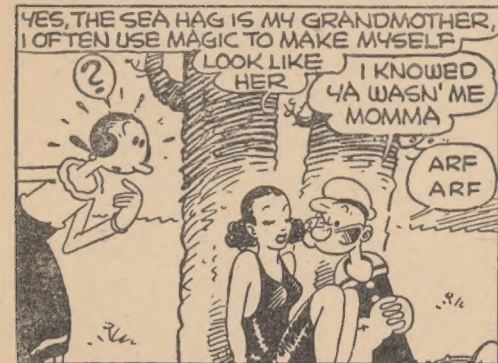
## Beelzebub Jones



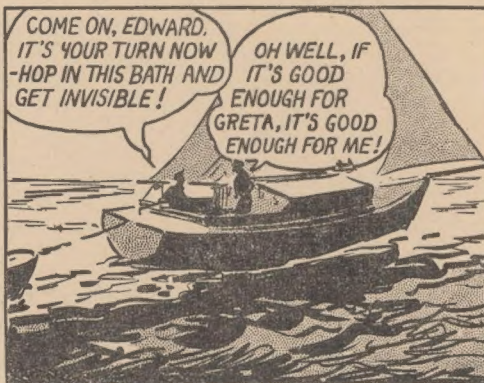
## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



## Garth



# FLOWERY WORDS

By F. W. THOMAS

ON the authority of a gentleman named Kelly (and he should know), I learn that the Manx language contains no profanity. Manxmen don't swear because they can't; which ought to make you glad that you were born in Heckmondwike, Scunthorpe, Brixton, Bungay, or Boggart Ha' Clough.

What I want to know is: What DO they do? What the so-and-so DO they say when things go wrong? Because one must say something, mustn't one?

The picture of a Manxman, struggling with some vast crisis, but with no bad words at hand wherewith to ease his tortured spirit, is just too, too terrifying. Surely there must be some way out, some safety valve through which the pent-up steam can escape.

Many years ago, not far from Douglas, I saw a large, stout merchant floundering about in some blackberry bushes, and flogging the undergrowth with a steel-shod implement. I think he had lost his golf ball.

### RELAPSE FROM MANX.

He was a Manxman all right, because in the interests of science I asked him.

Yes, he said, he was a what-d-you-call-it Manxman, and who the Heckerslike was I, and what the Hellespont was I doing there, sticking my sanguinary nose into other folk's business?

His own language failing him, he had fallen back on the epithets imported by alien trippers; and did himself very well, too.

There is also the classic case of the native of Ramsey, who, while nailing down the linoleum in his ancestral castle, found that he had left one of the twins underneath it, and had to take it all up again. And what did he say? With what explosive expletives did he ease his mind?

He merely said "Cloghar," which, I understand, is Manx for exactly what you would have said in the circumstances. But "Cloghar" wouldn't help me in the least if I had nailed a twin to the drawing-room floor.

Once upon a time the Bright Young Things of Bloomsbury decided amongst themselves that our modern swear-words were ugly, and arranged that, in any crisis that demanded rude language, they should use botanical terms and the Latin names of our common-or-garden flowers.

### FLOWER TALK.

Instead of calling your adversary a flat-faced, lop-eared so-and-so, you referred to him as an *Aquilegia Grandiflora*, or a pop-eyed *Polygonum Sphaerostachyum*.

In reply to which he asked you why the *Bulbodium Canadensis* you didn't mind your own footling business.

Not a bad idea. Using this floral language, there is no need to take a quick look round to make sure there are no bishops or maiden ladies about. You just carry on. For who could object on hearing you refer to your opponent as a Pink Caucasian *Campanula*?

And to call a nearby twerp a Blood Red *Viola-tricolour* is so much neater and tidier than the expression *Corpuscular Pansy*. And it comes to the same thing.

So next time you wallop your thumb with a monkey-wrench, turn to the Language of Flowers, and let yourself go.

## Argue this out . . .

### RELIGION.

RELIGION, in spite of the impression prevalent among rationalists that it is in its second childhood, is really in its infancy, and most of the arguments religionists have considered tremendously important . . . are a sort of theological baby-talk. The failure of congregations to congregate, which causes so much concern to the clergy, is the Nemesis of that professionalism which has always been the principal brake upon the progress of Christianity.

Charles Esam-Carter.

### BRITISH WOMEN.

I CAN confirm the opinion of the American woman who, after returning home, said that her outstanding impression was the endurance, patience and fortitude of British women. They have been brilliant in adversity, and, what is infinitely more difficult, patient in the daily round of restriction.

Lord Woolton.

## TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

approved by their voters. The expert has not the ordinary man's mind, and what is wanted more than anything else is government in accordance with the ordinary man's notions of what's right and what's wrong.

M.P.: "You mean that a health expert, for example, might decree that everybody should become vegetarian, and that though the voters

want better health, they might conceivably prefer not to be vegetarians. The expert should certainly not have power to impose on the public in that way."

Schoolmaster: "I think the public might benefit from a little healthy discipline at the hands of a few health experts. But a better way, of course, is to educate the ordinary man to become a particular kind of

expert himself. I mean he should be an expert voter. He should be taught more about politics and economics at school, and learn the whole story of the development of democratic government. He should be educated sufficiently to make sound choices when he votes, and not be blown hither and thither by varying opinions."

Sociologist: "Of course, you are quite right. But for the time being it is better for imperfect men to live under

imperfect laws which are fitted to them, and which reflect their desires, than that they should submit blindly to the dictates of experts."

Mr. Everyman: "After all, it is the common man, and not the expert, who has achieved all the really great advances in the government of this country in the past. Magna Carta, Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, the Reform Bill, the demands of the Chartists—all were brought to fruition by the

common sense of the common man."

"If the country is a country of common men, I think the experts should be their servants, but not their masters."

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

Samuel Johnson  
(1709-1784)

## HAVE YOU ANY?

Jokes, Drawings or Stories from your ship's magazine. Send them to the Editor at the address on top of back page.

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## Do 'Eye' appeal to you?



And who could resist it when switched on by M.G.M. star Ann Sothorn.



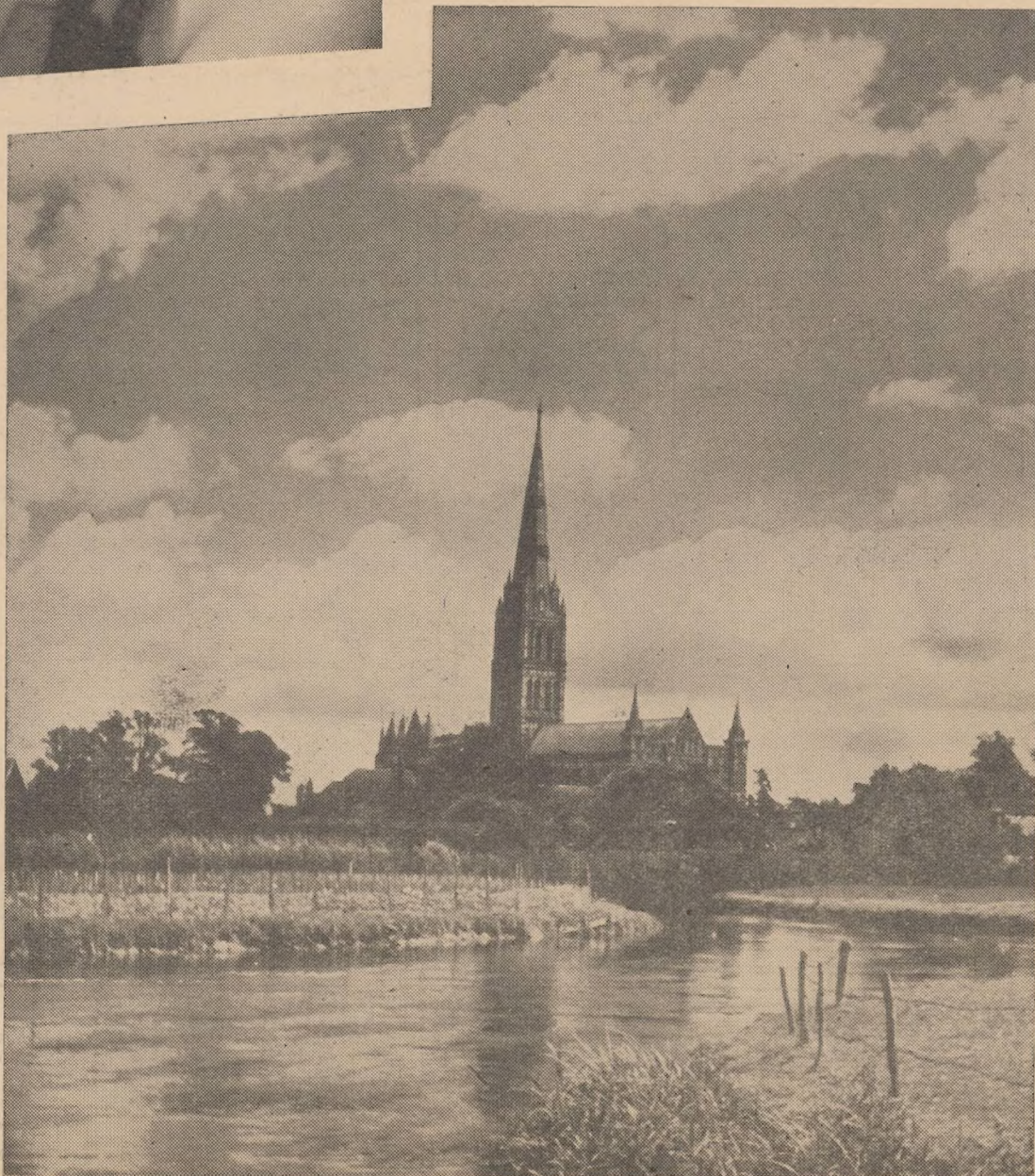
What we call "getting to the bottom of things."

## SUSPICIOUS?



A Great Dane is entitled to possess dignity, but the way this one is sniffing at the morsel AND gazing into the youngster's eyes — well — almost takes the biscuit.

## This England



Salisbury Cathedral as seen from across the river Avon. This beautiful cathedral is a fine specimen of Early English architecture, part of it being built in the 13th Century. The spire is a well-known landmark, and is over 400 feet high.



"Blimey! I thought the Arctic was chilly, but this place is at least a scarf colder."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"CISSY!"

